

# HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR

Words by H. L. BOSTWICK.

Music by EASTBURN.

Johnson will send you the Music of this song for 35 cents.

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'Twas whispered one morning in Heaven,  
How the little white angel May,  
Sat ever beside the portal,  
Sorrowing all the day ;  
How she said to the stately Warden,  
He of the golden bar—  
O, angel, sweet angel, I pray thee,  
Let the beautiful gates ajar ;  
Only a little, I pray you,  
Let the Heavenly gates ajar.

CHO.—O, angel, sweet angel, I pray you,  
Let the beautiful gates ajar,  
Only a little, I pray you,  
Let the beautiful gates ajar.

I hear my dear mother there weeping,  
She is lonely, she cannot see,  
A glimmer of light in the darkness,  
Where the gates clos'd after me ;  
One gleam of the golden splendor,  
O, Warden, would shine so far ;  
But the angel he whispered, I dare not  
Let the beautiful gates ajar ;  
Spoke low, as he answered, I dare not  
Let the Heavenly gates ajar. CHO.

Then up arose Mary the Blessed,  
Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ,  
Her hand on the hand of the angel,  
She laid ; and her touch sufficed.  
Then turned was the key in the portal,  
Fell ringing the golden bar,  
And lo ! in the little child's fingers,  
Stood the beautiful gates ajar.  
And lo ! in the child's angel fingers,  
Stood the Heavenly gates ajar. CHO.

And this key for no further using,  
To the blessed Son shall be giv'n,  
Said Mary, the mother of Jesus,  
Tenderest heart in Heav'n.  
Now never a sad-eyed mother,  
But may catch the glory afar ;  
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom,  
Are the keys of the gates ajar ;  
Safe hid in the dear Christ's bosom,  
And the gates forever ajar. CHO.

# HOW THE GATES CAME ALIVE

Words by H. L. POSTWICK. Music by EASTBURN.

Johnson will send you the Music of this song for 25 cents.

'T was whispered one morning in Heaven,  
How the little white angel Mary,  
Sat ever beside the portal,  
Borrowing all the day,  
How she said to the faithful Watchmen,  
He of the golden bar—  
O angel, sweet angel, I pray thee,  
Let the beautiful gates ajar;  
Only a little, I pray you,  
Let the Heavenly gates ajar.

(Two) — O angel, sweet angel, I pray you,  
Let the beautiful gates ajar;  
Only a little, I pray you,  
Let the beautiful gates ajar.

I hear my dear mother here weeping,  
She is lonely, she cannot see,  
A glimmer of light in the darkness,  
Where the gates closed after me;  
(The gleam of the golden splendor,  
O Watchmen, would shine so far;  
But the angel he whispered, I dare not  
Let the beautiful gates ajar;  
Shout low, as he answered, I dare not  
Let the Heavenly gates ajar.

(One)

Then up arose Mary the blessed,  
Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ,  
Her hand on the band of the angel,  
She said, and her touch sufficed,  
Then turned was the key in the portal,  
Bell ringing the golden bar,  
And lo! in the little child's fingers,  
Shook the beautiful gates ajar,  
And lo! in the child's angel fingers,  
Shook the Heavenly gates ajar.

(One)

And this key for no further turning,  
To the blessed Son shall be given,  
Said Mary, the mother of Jesus,  
Tenderest heart in Heaven,  
Now never a self-closed mother,  
But may catch the glory afar;  
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom,  
Are the keys of the gates ajar;  
Safe hid in the dear Child's bosom,  
And the gates forever ajar.

(One)